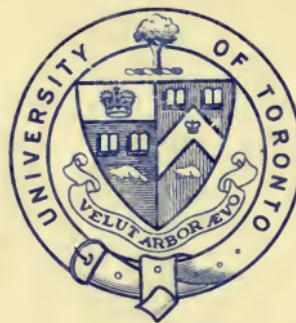
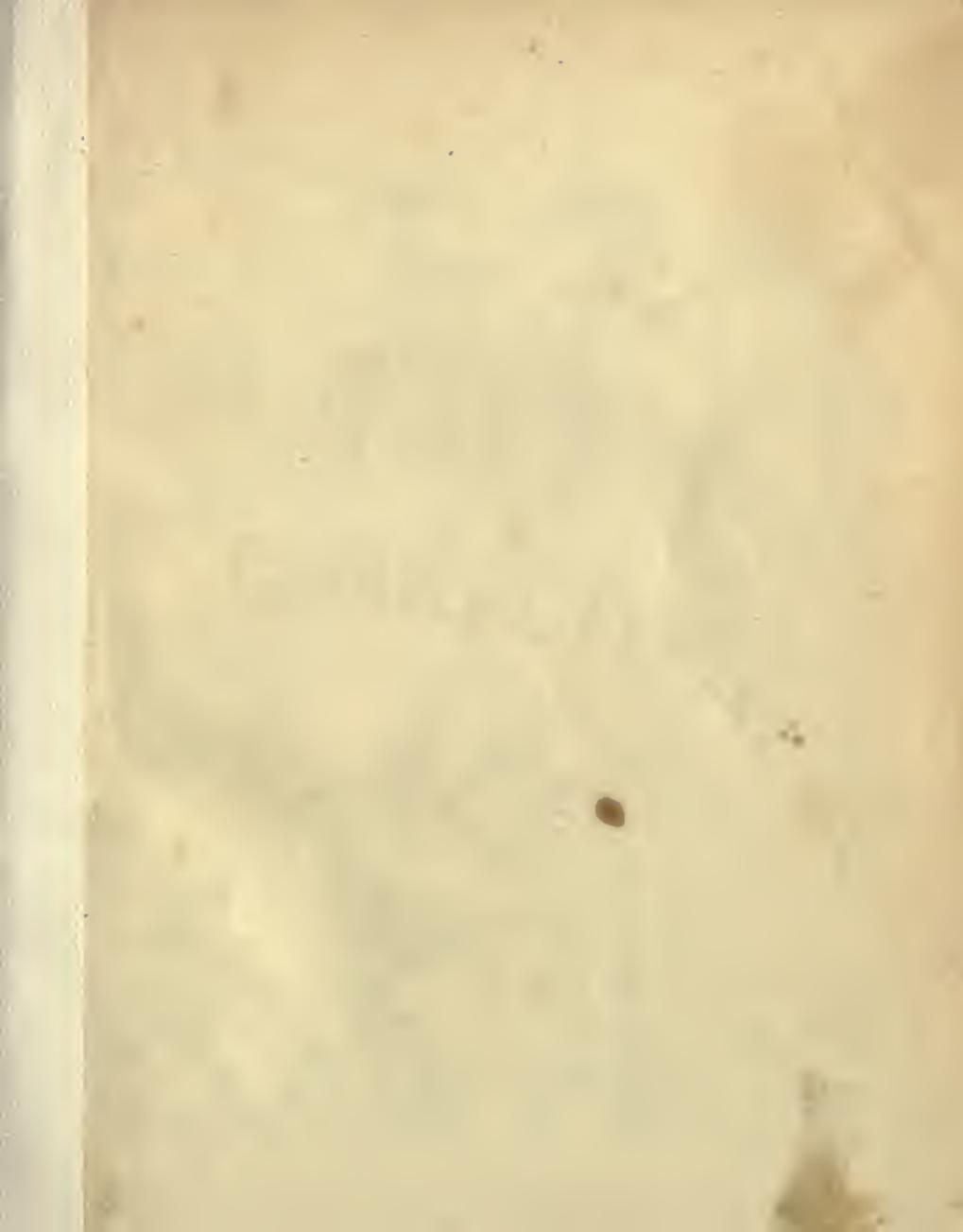
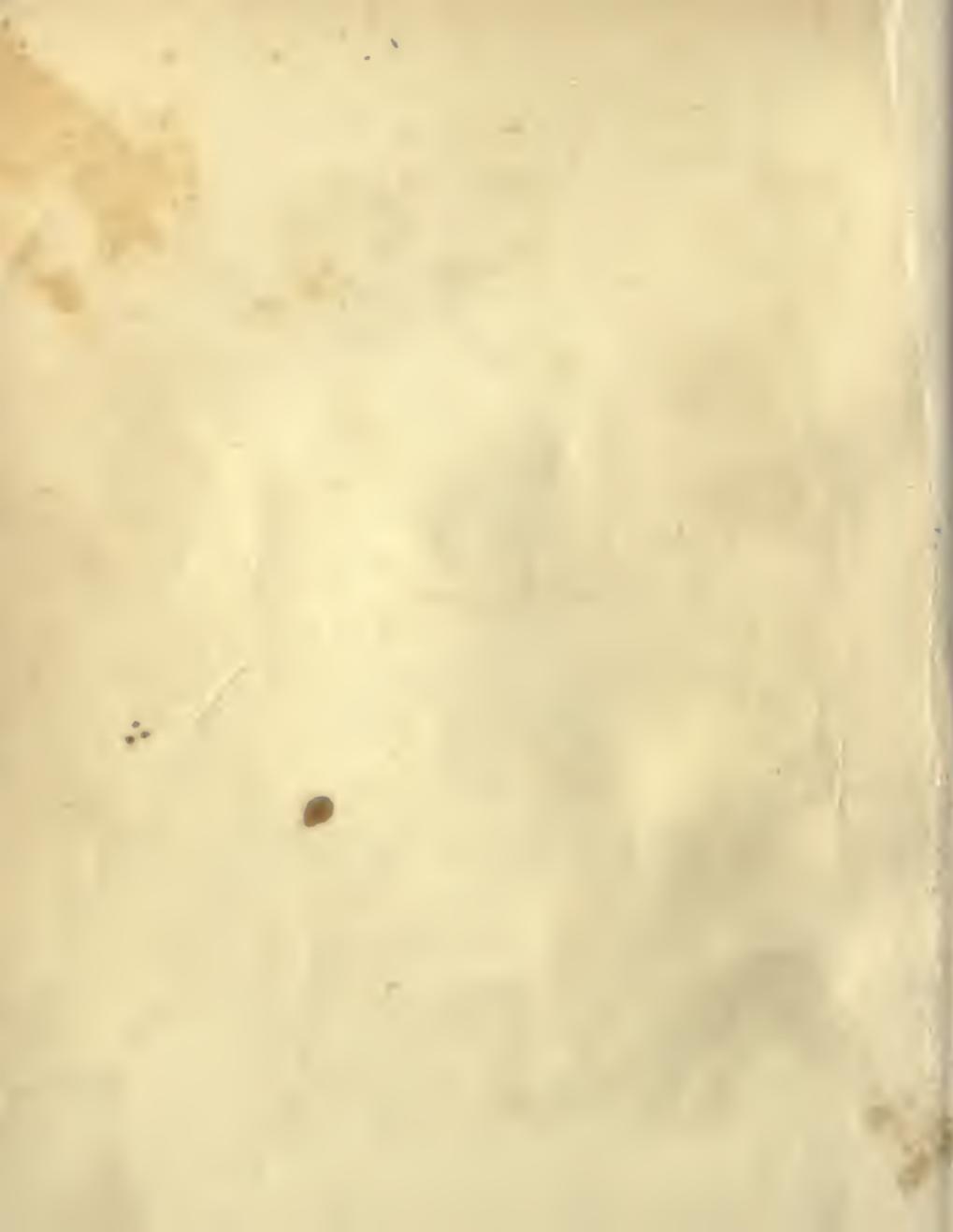


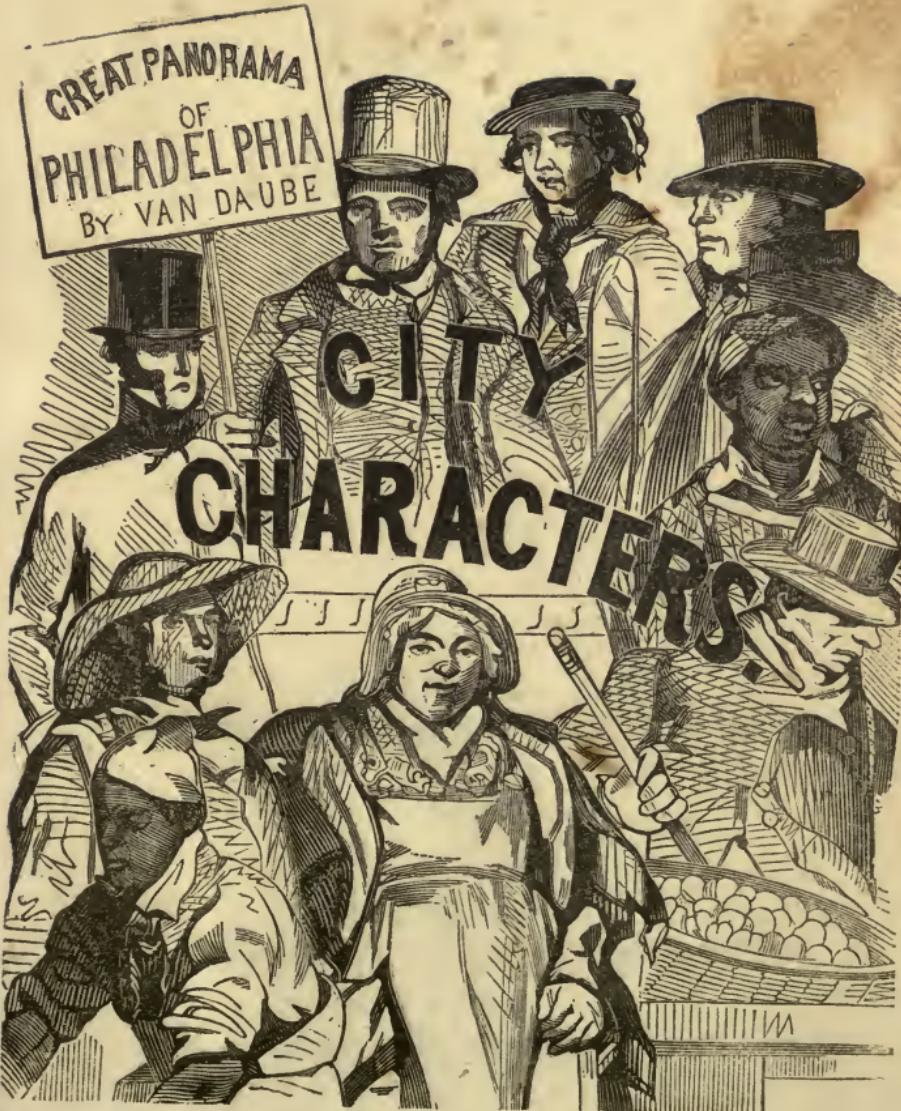
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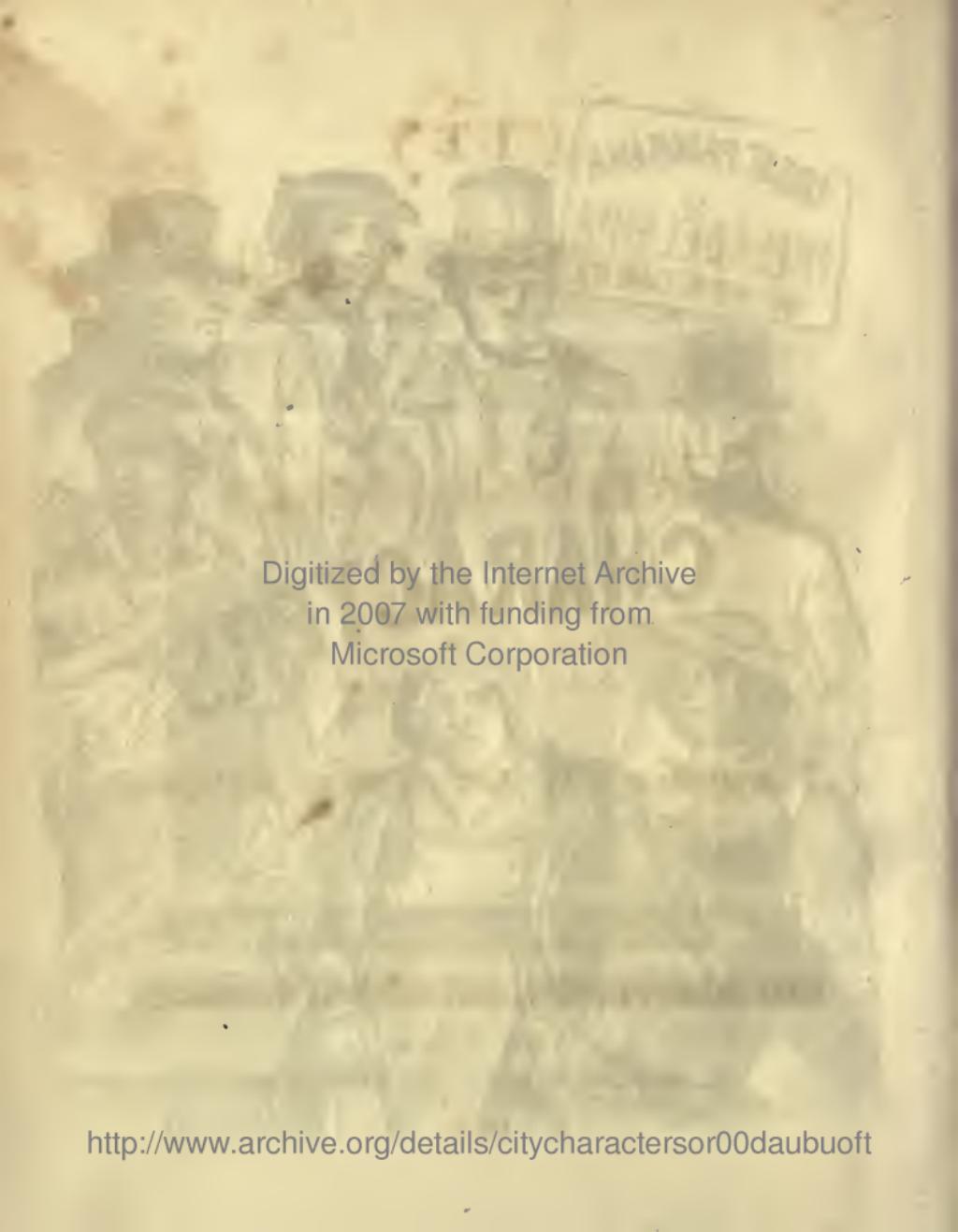


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A faded, sepia-toned illustration depicting a group of approximately ten people, possibly a historical scene or a scene from a book. The figures are dressed in period clothing, with men in hats and women in bonnets. In the background, there is a building with visible architectural details like windows and a door.

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C I T Y
C H A R A C T E R S;

OR,

FAMILIAR SCENES
IN TOWN.

Illustrated with Twenty-Four Designs.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEO. S. APPLETON, 164 CHESTNUT STREET.
NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.

1851.

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P R E F A C E.

IN passing through the streets of a great city, one sees, on every side, a multitude of characters which are rarely to be observed elsewhere. They form a lively picture of city life as it appears out of doors.

A selection from these characters forms the subject of the following pages. They are delineated and described for the entertainment and instruction, not only of those who are enabled by a constant residence in cities to verify the truth of the portraits, but also of those of our young friends who reside in the country, and may wish to see pictures, drawn directly from nature, of the actual life of dwellers in large cities.

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THE FRUITSELLER.

(10)

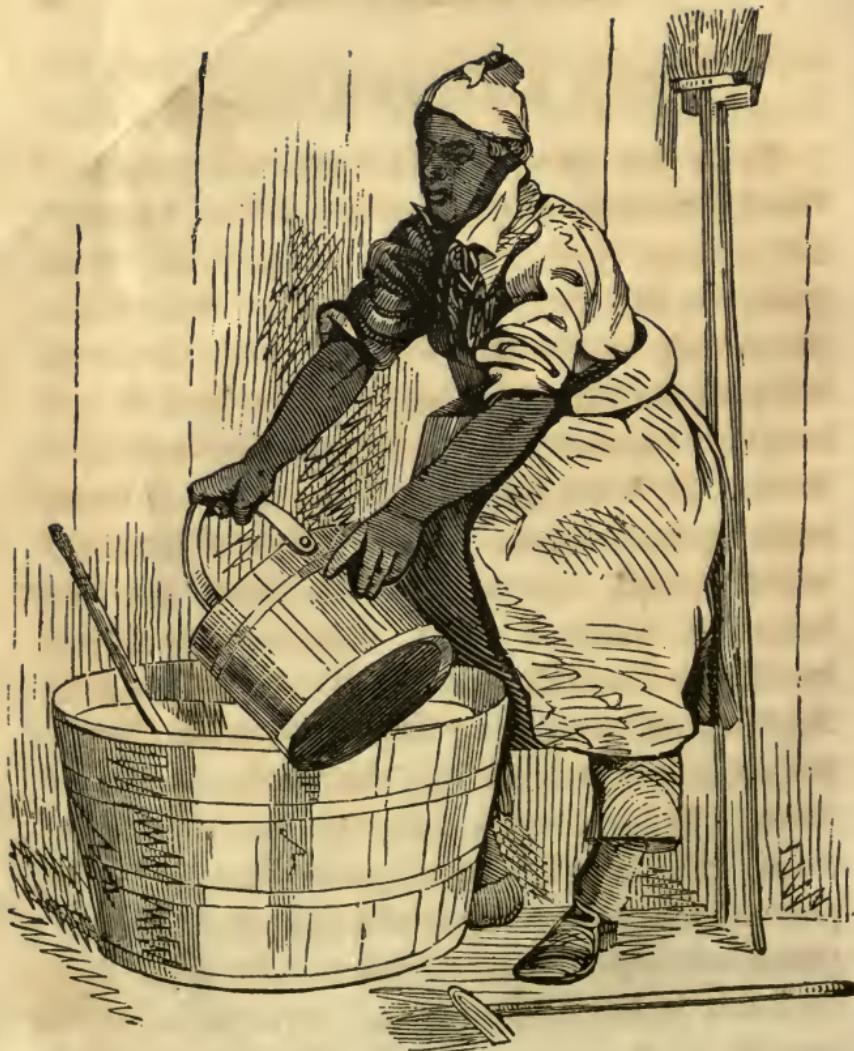
CITY CHARACTERS.

THE FRUITSELLER.

HERE is a picture of the woman who earns her living by carrying fruit about the streets to sell at people's doors. She is an honest, hard-labouring creature, who has to suffer a great deal from heat and rain ; she has a number of little children at home, who would starve or be turned into the streets if their mother did not provide for them. I hope you will always be kind and civil to her when she stops at your door. The Fruitwoman does not go abroad in winter ; see if any of you can think why. She carries a great many kinds of fruit—Cherries,

strawberries, whortleberries, currants, and gooseberries, are a few of them. You know how good strawberries and cream are ; or cherry-pie ; or currant jelly, preserved in glass jars and laid by for the winter.

The Fruitwoman carries her fruit in a large wooden box on her head. Now, boys, you know that in summer time you can scarcely bear to walk along the street, on account of the heat. Think then how the poor Fruitseller must suffer with a great box of cherries on her head, and perhaps a basket full on her arm. And how sad must be her feelings if, after going all day in the sun, she cannot sell enough to buy her children bread, and has to put them to sleep without any supper. I have seen some bad boys laughing at the Fruitwoman, when she sat down on a step to rest herself ; I hope none of you will keep company with a boy who would be so wicked. It is wrong to laugh at the miseries of anybody, and especially of those who are striving to make an honest living.



THE WHITEWASHER.

(14)

THE WHITEWASHER.

HAVE you ever seen a room whitewashed ? No doubt many of you will say "Yes, I have ;" but perhaps there are some who have not. I am going to tell you how it is done. You know the ceiling and walls of the kitchen are white, but after a while they begin to turn yellow, and look ugly on account of smoke and dust sticking to them. Now we can make them nice and white again by whitewash. This is made of lime and water mixed together, with a little salt and indigo to make it clear. Brushes with long handles on them dipped into it, and rubbed over the walls of the room ; when this dries, all the yellow is covered, and the wall looks white and clean. This is called the first coat of whitewash ; afterwards it is all done over again to prevent the yellow from striking through, and sometimes a third coat is given. The man who does this is the Whitewasher ; sometimes, however, it is done by women. They get money

for every room they whitewash, and sometimes have been known to lay up a pretty large sum of money. Fifty or sixty years ago nearly every room in a house was whitewashed, and sometimes the fences in the yard, and even the walls of the house outside. But the great dwelling-houses that we have now, would be spoiled by such operations. Only the kitchens are now whitewashed, except in the houses of poor people; parlours and dining-rooms are either painted or covered with paper. In country villages, the fences around each house, and the porch in front, are almost always whitewashed; and when honeysuckle vines and roses are planted near them, so as partly to cover the white with their green leaves, the appearance is very beautiful. This, however, is done by the country people themselves, and not by the Whitewasher. Trees are sometimes whitewashed; and the lime has been found very useful in destroying the insects, which lodge under the bark and injure the wood.





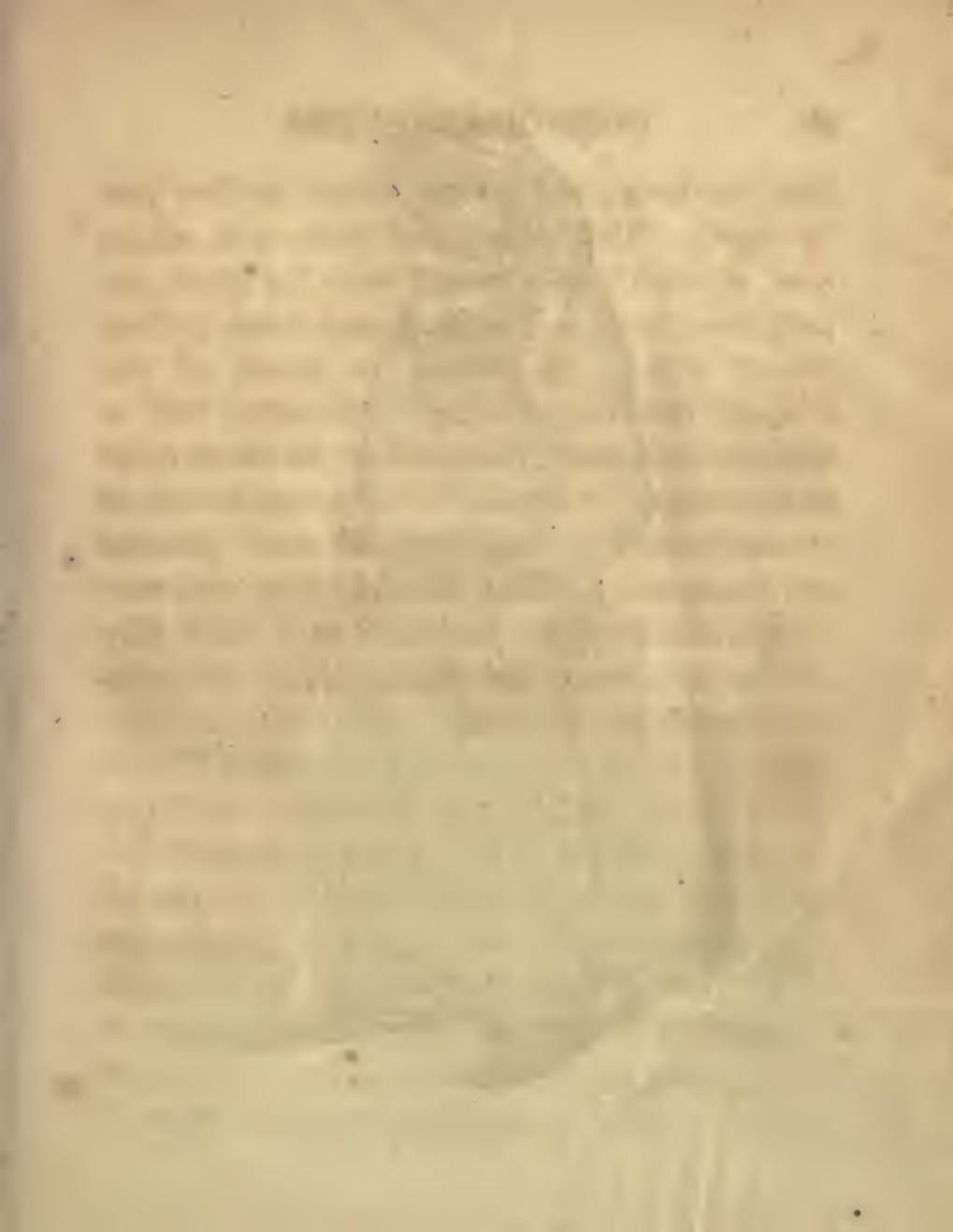
THE CABMAN.

(18)

THE CABMAN.

WOULD you not like to take a ride in a cab? If so, you may order one to the door, or pass down to the corner, where a number are always waiting. The Cabman is very anxious to accommodate you: "Have a cab?" he says, as you go by; and if you get in he seems much pleased, and drives off as happy as a king. Cabs are much neater and safer now, than they were twelve years ago; then they had only two wheels, and were so high that, in turning a corner, they sometimes upset, seriously injuring the persons inside. They are made now more like carriages, and provided inside with comfortable seats and lining. Ten or twenty cabs are generally placed at one corner together, so that persons may know where to find them. Each Cabman stands on the pavement a short distance

from his horse, and invites people as they pass by to ride. This is very cold business in winter time, so the Cabman has to wrap his great coat well about him, and walk up and down to keep himself warm. Sometimes he stands all day without receiving a single passenger; but on holidays and times of amusement, he has as much as he can do. Cabs are not so cheap to ride in as omnibuses; but they are far more pleasant and convenient. They have not been used very long in this country, yet numbers of them may now be seen every day passing along the principal streets of our cities.





THE STEVEDORE.

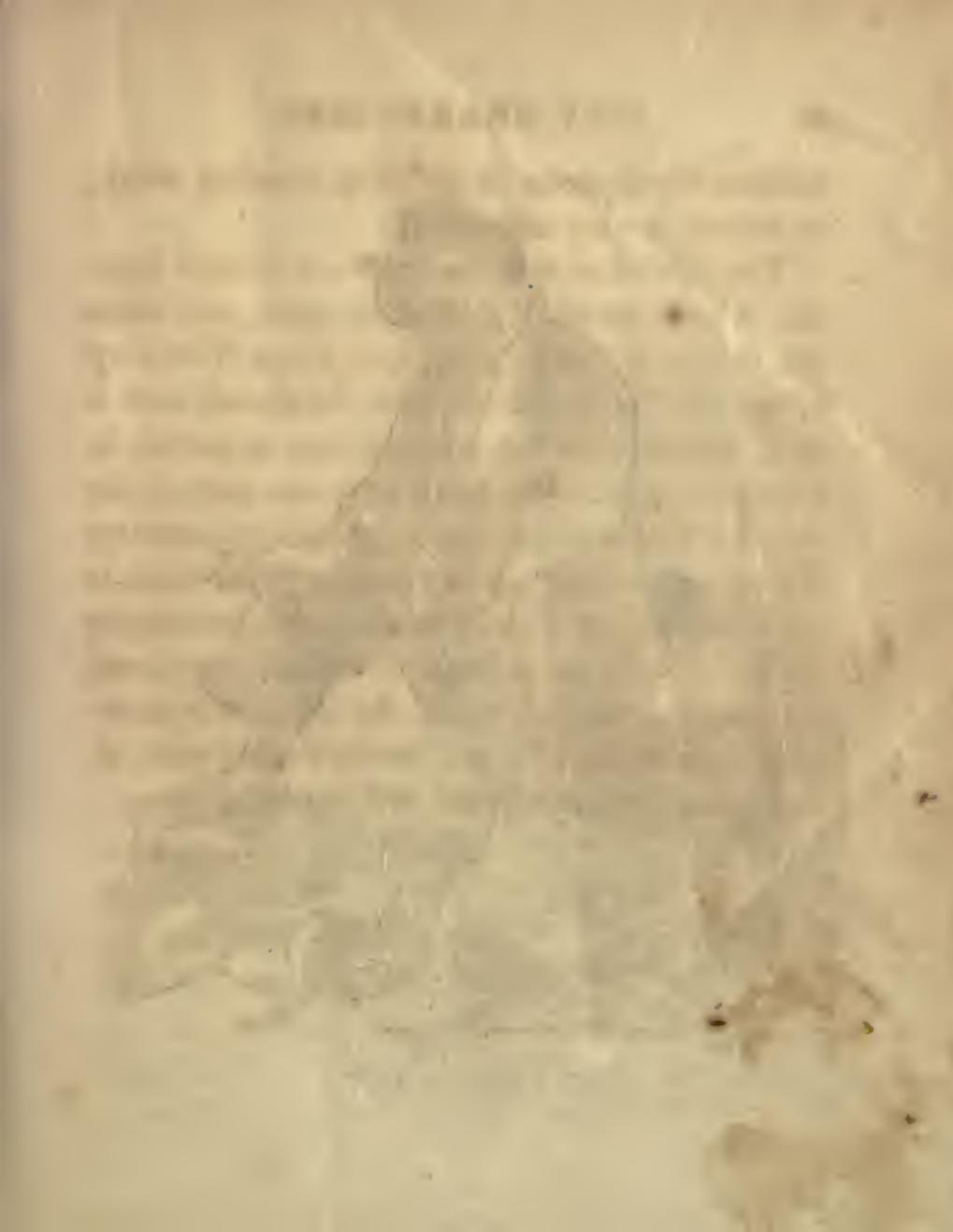
(22)

THE STEVEDORE.

HIS business is to pack goods, to receive cargoes from vessels, to arrange wares, boxes or bales, and to attend to the moving and packing of boxes in a store. The Stevedore is generally found in the large commission houses along the wharf, or in the wholesale stores of our principal business streets. The quantity of goods received and sent away by one of these establishments in a year, is very great, and, during the seasons when business is most brisk, the Stevedore is often employed from early in the morning until late at night. At such times the sound of hammers nailing up boxes, the rattling of carts which pass in all directions, and the busy trampling of feet, may be heard on all sides; and the sight of many workmen, engaged in their

various occupations of packing, stowing away, or lading, is very animating.

The Stevedore uses few tools—a kind of hammer which can either drive in nails, pull them out, or chip off wood, some long strips of hickory and a few nails. He is also furnished with a sled, which runs on wheels, and is useful in transporting boxes or bales from one part of the store to another. By long practice he acquires the art of packing quickly and neatly, which is very desirable in a place where much business is done. As his work is much out of doors, and requires a great deal of moving about, it is generally very healthful; and the Stevedore may, if he choose, be a contented and happy man.





THE FISHERMAN.

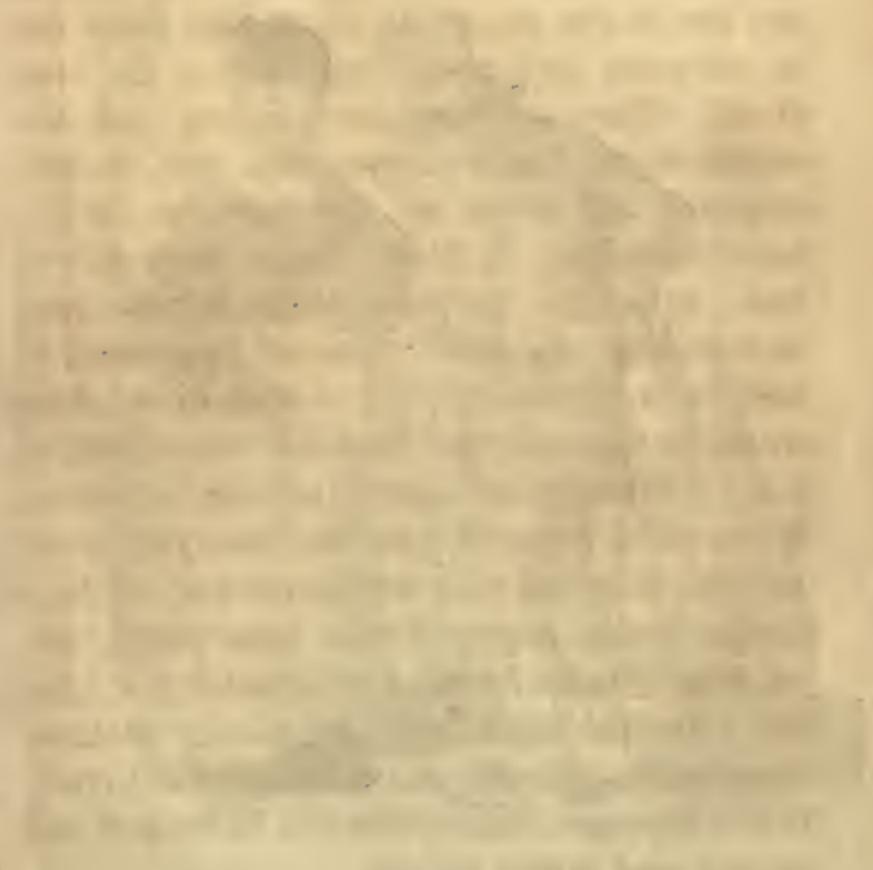
(26)

THE FISHERMAN.

THIS is the man who brings fish to the city to sell. He has caught them himself; and a very hard life it is that he leads. Most of the fish offered for sale in the Philadelphia market, are caught in the Delaware river and bay. The Fishermen go in boats, and are often two or three days on the water, exposed to storms and heavy rains. Fish are sometimes caught by hook and line; but more often in nets.

The shad is a fine large fish, which appears in the bay about April, and from which the Fishermen realize good profits. Shad swim in great droves called shoals, and are taken in nets. Herrings come a little earlier, and are also taken in nets. Both these fish are good when eaten fresh; but thousands of them are salted and smoked for winter. The catfish is found in our

rivers during the summer and fall, and is caught with hooks. It has whiskers somewhat like a cat's. Eels are long fish, which look like snakes, and live in the mud. At night they come out of the water and move about among the long grass. They are very good eating, and are caught with hooks. Bass, rock fish, turbot, flounders, and perch, are also very fine for the table. Sturgeon is a very large fish with red flesh ; it is eaten by some people, but the taste is not very pleasant. None of you ought to wish to be Fishermen. It is a hard and dangerous occupation, and lays the foundations of many a disease, that renders old age a burden. If you wish, however, you may take your hook and line some summer afternoon, and sit by a stream in the country under some shady tree, catching sunnies, perch, roach, and other little fish. Do not do so, however, merely to throw them away again ; for that is wasteful and cruel. If you take them home, they will be cooked, and make a nice supper for you.





THE BEGGAR.

(30)

THE BEGGAR.

THAT poor old man is begging. He has no work to do; and if he had, he is so old and feeble, that I am afraid he could not do much. He goes about from door to door, asking people for pennies or for such victuals as they may have left from dinner. Some people, who are hard-hearted, turn him away with cross words, but he generally finds a few every day who slip into his hand a small silver piece, or fill his bag with bread and meat. I am glad to see that the girl in the picture is searching her pockets, in order to find some pennies for the Beggar man.

It is a sad thing to be reduced to such a state of want, as to beg our bread from door to door. Many have been thus reduced by misfortunes. Their houses have burned down, or their em-

ployer has had no more need of their services, or something else has happened to deprive them of their living, and at last after many a struggle they have been obliged to go a begging. But extravagance has ruined others ; they have tried to get fine houses, and carriages, and such things, when they could not afford them, and in a few years, instead of being very rich, they have found themselves beggars. This should teach you how important it is, not to spend more than your means will allow, nor to covet the rich possessions of others. I do not know whether or not the man in the picture was extravagant ; but since he is so poor, we ought to do all we can for him. Sometimes little children may be seen in the streets begging. Such generally grow up to be very wicked ; for their parents are either idle or drunken, and no good example is ever set before them. You who have kind parents should be very thankful for it.

Volume 30 Number 3 June 2004

ISSN 0361-6878 • 10.1215/03616878-30-3

http://jhp.sagepub.com

© 2004 by the Southern Political Science Association

Published quarterly by Sage Publications, Inc.

1080 University Street • Suite 200 • Seattle, WA 98144-3234

1275 William街 • Suite 375 • Thousand Oaks, CA 91320-2590

126 Motte Street • Suite 400 • Walnut Creek, CA 94596-3633

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THE LAUNDRESS.

(34)

THE LAUNDRESS.

THIS woman is engaged by rich people to wash and iron clothes, which have been soiled by wearing. Washing clothes is not a very pleasant business; and, when followed every day as a regular trade, must be tedious and disheartening. Those articles of clothing made of linen, require a great deal of care, and give the poor Laundress much trouble. Clothes are washed in large tubs, by means of soap and boiling water. After this, they must be ironed before they can be worn. This is done with a heavy piece of smooth iron, called a flat-iron, made hot in a furnace and passed very quickly over each piece of clothing. This makes them smooth and soft.

All this, as you can easily see, takes much time

and care ; and the women who work at it have to labour very hard. They do not receive as much as they ought for their tedious and disagreeable labour. Many persons have their washing and ironing done at home, making it a part of the servants' work ; others hire the Laundress to work at their houses.

The woman in the picture looks as though she had just finished a hard day's work and was taking the clothes home to the owners ; see what a large basket she carries. It is full of articles of clothing neatly folded up ; and this shows how much this woman has done in one day. Perhaps her husband is dead, and several little children depend upon her for support. This is frequently the case with those who follow the occupation of a Laundress.





THE RETIRED GENTLEMAN. (38)

THE RETIRED GENTLEMAN.

THIS is a very excellent member of society, whom everybody knows and respects. You often meet him in the morning taking a walk for exercise, and patting the cheeks of all the good boys along the road. Once he kept a large store, and did extensive business; and he was so honest and punctual in all his dealings, that his credit spread far and wide, and he soon made a fortune. He might have retired from business long before he did; but he loved to be engaged in some active employment, which was at the same time useful. You see his clothes are old-fashioned; he wears them so, not because he wishes to differ from other people, but because he knows that a warm, honest heart can beat just as well in clothes such as his grandfather wore, as in those of a dandy.

Everybody loves to look upon his mild countenance, which, I am sorry to say, begins to show the marks of feebleness and old age. When he visits his old friends, the best seat is always provided for him, and at table all the guests strive to tender him their services. He gives valuable advice to young men, especially those just engaging in business ; and when he converses with older persons, a glow of pleasure lights up his features as he thinks of the scenes he has passed through many years ago. He is very fond of children—that is, good children. I have seen him fill his pockets with cakes and nuts, which he distributed among the little ones of the people he visited. They call him the good man, and laugh and clap their hands if they see him coming. He does all he can to help poor people who have no work ; and he endeavours to get situations for such, and for beggars, because he thinks very truly that no one should be idle if he can help it. He also loves to see children learn fast at school, and obey their parents.



STREET MINSTRELS.

(42)

STREET MINSTRELS.

HERE is a group. What music they must make under one's window in the afternoon! The one who seems to be leading, has a large guitar, on which she plays with her fingers, while singing. That little boy with the sober face is playing some part on the violin; and the woman with the great bonnet is performing on the harp. These three wander through the streets, stopping occasionally before peoples' windows, to sing some French or Italian song, and play on their instruments.

The songs of some Street Minstrels are simple and affecting; but the greater part are neither instructive nor amusing. The occupation is not calculated to improve the morals or to render any person industrious; and for this reason it

would be well to provide the women and boys who follow it, with some other occupation.

In some countries great numbers of these Street Minstrels are in every city ; and some of them attain to a great degree of musical skill. They have many other instruments than those used among us ; such as triangles, castanets, and horns. The practice of singing about streets and towns is very old ; it was followed more than a thousand years ago ; and once the wandering minstrel was held in such honour that kings admitted him to their presence, listened with delight to his songs, and furnished him with food, clothing, and money.



THE STORE PORTER.

(46)

THE STORE PORTER.

THIS is a very useful person about a store. His business is to sweep out, keep all clean, and see that everything is in its place. In a dwelling-house this is very easy work, and perhaps occupies not more than an hour each day ; but in a large store, it employs a man busily all day. You know how much dust is continually flying about in the business streets, where carts, wagons, and wheelbarrows are constantly moving up and down. This gets into the store, besides what is caused by admitting and sending off goods. If this were left unswept for a week, everything would be covered so thick, that no one could walk about. To prevent this, you

see the Porter with his broom, sweeping away at a rate which soon clears the store of dust.

The Porter's business is also to build fires in winter, to unlock the store in the morning and lock it at night, to carry bales or bundles from one place to another, and to perform such other work as the owner of the store wishes done. During some parts of the year his work is very light; but his wages during all the year are but small. His business is, however, healthful, and he may with care and industry lay by enough to support him, when the period of old age arrives.

GREAT PANORAMA
OF
PHILADELPHIA
BY VAN DAUBE



THE WALKING ADVERTISER.

You often see this curious character winding his way through the more crowded streets, especially near the Exchange and the State House. He carries in one hand a sort of banner, on which is the advertisement of some meeting for instruction or amusement, and in the other a number of small printed bills. Now as you have often wondered what all this meant, I am going to tell you.

In all cities there are a number of places where people can go and see curious things, hear fine music, or see shows. They are called Museums, Theatres, Musical Halls, &c. Each person who goes, gives some money at the door, before he is admitted. People you know would soon get tired of seeing the same thing all the time; so

that the men who keep places of amusement have to be getting something new every week. Then they print the name of the new thing on small bills, and send a man round to give one of the bills to every person he meets. This man is the Walking Advertiser, and he carries a small board on a pole, with the name of the wonderful thing on it, in large letters.

It would take a long time to tell you all the articles of his advertisement. Snakes, crocodiles, giants, seals, dwarfs, paintings, comic actors, comic singers, minstrels, white mice, and learned birds, are a few of them. His occupation is not a laborious one, but it is tedious and tiresome, far less pleasant on the whole than that of the good mechanic.

The man in the picture is labouring to let the people know that a panorama of Philadelphia is being exhibited. A panorama is a very large picture, so arranged as to represent houses, trees, and everything else, exactly as they are, instead of appearing flat on paper.





THE HUCKSTER.

THE HUCKSTER.

THIS fat old lady has a stall in the market, which she rents by the year, in order to sell the articles by which she makes her living. You see her sitting on the same stool, month after month, summer and winter, through rain or sunshine, laughing and chatting with other Hucksters, and with the butchers. She sells almost everything that can be eaten, except meat. You will see piled on her stall, fruit of various kinds, potatoes, beans, cabbage, butter, roots, honey, cheese, pumpkins, chestnuts, and corn. She buys all these from the wagons of country people, who have raised them on their farms.

In order to make some money, she has to sell things a little dearer than the country people do ; and for this reason many people will not buy at

all of Hucksters. But as farmers do not come to town every day, it is often very convenient to run to the Huckster's stall, and buy what we want. You see the old lady in the picture is not dressed very neatly. That big pocket by her side is to hold her money in ; and she very often has it half full of pennies and silver pieces ; for you must know that Huckstering is a very profitable business. Sometimes, instead of renting a stall, the Huckster keeps a shop ; then she sells meat, coal, wood, and almost everything, and often makes a small fortune. Such an establishment is called a Huckster-shop.

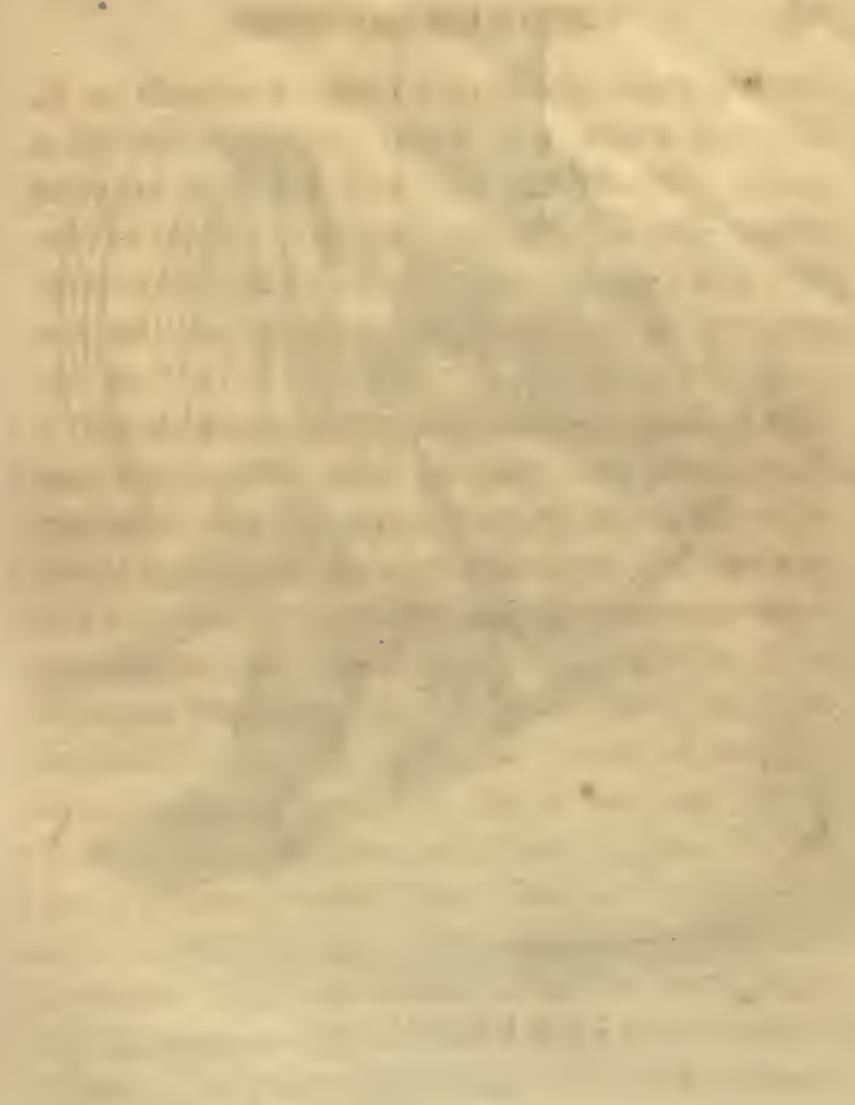


THE BILL-STICKER,

THE BILL-STICKER.

You remember what we told you about the Walking Advertiser. The Bill-Sticker is employed by the same persons ; that is, by those who keep museums, menageries, shows, &c. But he does not walk along the street with the advertisement on a pole. His business is to paste the bills with an account of the wonderful affair, on the corners of streets. You see he has a wooden ladder over his shoulder : this is to mount upon, if he wants to paste a bill very high. In his hand is carried a pot to hold the paste ; and with this he rubs the back of the bill in order to make it stick. Sometimes these bills are very large, and decorated with a number of curious pictures. I have seen a menagerie bill with nearly a hun-

dred pictures of different kinds of animals on it, and one which was larger than the side of a room. Others are not half so long as your arm. The Bill-Sticker goes from corner to corner, placing a bill on each, and thus posts several hundred in a day. If a man chooses, he can place the words, "Post no bills here," on his corner, and the Bill-Sticker must pass by it. I have seen boys tearing bills off of corners, after they had been put up. There is a law against this, and every one who does it, is liable to be taken by the policeman.





THE LOAFER.

(62)

THE LOAFER.

THERE is he, laid up like a log, useless to himself and to everybody else. He has been lounging about through the night, making a noise, trying to raise an alarm of fire, or inciting to riot in taverns. In the morning he sees the industrious mechanic going happily to his work, and hears around him the busy hum of mirth and activity. It makes him feel miserable, for he cannot join in it, and he feels wretched and ill-humoured, because he is too lazy to work. At last you see he has stretched himself down among boards and boxes, where he snores away the hours, when he might be making wages enough to render him respectable.

Such a character generally has no regular

home ; or if he has, he grieves those who care for him, by his careless and shameful conduct. You may see him in the evenings standing with half a dozen like himself, at the corners of the streets, using profane language, and insulting ladies as they go by. He is a great supporter of grog-shops, and gaming-houses ; and may be seen at almost any hour of the afternoon, leaning against engine houses. Sometimes he is taken to the lock-up by the watchman, and has to appear next morning before the magistrate. If he has parents, they are heartbroken ; and very often he runs away without telling them where. In short, he is a complete pest to society. Now, children, none of you wish to be Loafers. You abhor such a thought. But you must remember that no one ever became a Loafer all at once. He began by staying out a little late at night ; then he mingled with bad company ; next he learned to swear and fight ; and so on, step by step, he advanced to his present condition.



THE SAILOR.

(66)

THE SAILOR.

ONE of the characters most frequently encountered in the streets of a great city, is the Sailor just returned from a voyage. You see him in his neat-fitting jacket of navy blue, with bright buttons, white trowsers, and light low-crowned hat, with a small bamboo cane in his hand, just sallying forth from his boarding-house to see the sights of the town.

Most persons receive their impressions of the Sailor's character from the old, worn-out pictures of British Sailors, or the over-strained representations of Dibdin's songs. These make him a thoughtless, foolish person, who spends in debauchery, in a few hours' time, the earnings of whole years; and perpetrates all sorts of absurdities in spending his money.

This is not the character of the American Sailor. He generally enters the merchant service with some education, received perhaps at a free school. His object is to learn his profession; and he hopes to rise by promotion to be second mate, then mate, and finally captain of a merchant vessel. He takes good care of his wages, abstains from drunkenness and profanity, attends service when in port at the Bethel Floating Chapel; and is in all respects a sober, as he is certainly a very useful member of society. In the fishing service the Sailor is often part owner of the vessel, or at least a sharer in the profits of the trip.

All the warm-heartedness, generosity, and bravery, attributed by Dibdin to the British Sailor, really belong to the character of the American Sailor; but folly, recklessness, superstition, and extravagance, are traits which very seldom appear in his conduct. He knows that he is an American citizen, and, as such, respects himself.



THE STREET-SWEEPER.

THE Street-Sweeper is looked upon with considerable contempt by the dandy, who hastens to get out of his way lest his boots or clothes should be soiled by spatterings from the Sweeper's broom. He hardly deigns to reply when the more juvenile Street-Sweepers, male and female, who take care of the muddy crossings, are so presumptuous as to ask him for a penny in consideration of their public services. Yet the Street-Sweeper is rather the more respectable character of the two. He does *some good* at any rate. His day forms quite a contrast to that of the smartly dressed and perfumed gentleman who despises him. He is up with the dawn of morning, and toils industriously till night. If he has a family, which is often the case, he takes his hard earnings

home to them at evening, and he is received with as lively a welcome as though he were the proprietor of millions. The love of those loving ones, his wife and children, constitutes his wealth ; and it is a precious possession such as wealth cannot buy.

The Scavengers in great cities are for the most part paid for their useful services by the city authorities ; and this disagreeable work is varied by other kinds of employment which is less laborious and unpleasant. - But the professional Street-Sweeper, the one who devotes the whole time to the business, is a poor boy or girl, in a very ordinary dress, barefooted, and often bare-headed, who sweeps the crossings in the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, and depends for compensation on the chance of receiving a cent from each passenger.



THE DANDY.

THE DANDY.

ONE of the most conspicuous characters in the streets of a great city, is the finished Dandy, the exquisite man of fashion. He deems himself a person of no small importance, as you may easily see by the air with which he walks the street, and the style in which he flourishes the dainty little cane, which he carries more for ornament than for use.

The thorough-bred Dandy,—the man who makes fashion the business and study of his life, has of course an independent fortune ; and thinks that he is entitled to please himself in any way he thinks best. So he rises at about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, spends an hour or two in dressing and adorning himself, strolls an hour or two in the most fashionable streets, makes a call or two on some fashionable ladies, plays with some other fashionable man a game or two

at billiards, takes his dinner at six o'clock, and at eight or nine in the evening he is ready for the opera, or a fashionable party. When that is over, he takes supper, or if he has supped at the party, he sits down to a game of cards with some select friends, and so passes away the time till one or two o'clock in the morning, when he retires to bed, to sleep till nine or ten of the next day.

Now if this is not a very useful life, it would certainly be to any man who had a proper sense of the purpose for which he was sent into the world, a very laborious and distasteful one. Yet there are many who live in this way till they become old. Old, you know, they must become, in the natural course of things ; and what an old age must be that of the Dandy ? With what feelings must he look back upon a life spent not in the service of God or man, but in the pursuit of mere pleasure. May no one of my young readers ever live to be an old Dandy !





THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

IN almost every great city there are several hospitals, founded by the benevolence of public-spirited men, and intended for the reception of the sick, the wounded, or the insane. These excellent institutions are supported by funds from the state legislatures, or the benefactions of charitable persons. Physicians are appointed by the trustees, on whom is also devolved the duty of hiring the Hospital Nurses.

The Hospital Nurse is generally a staid, sober, middle-aged woman who has much experience in treating sick people, and is well accustomed to all their wants and fancies. She has occasion for the practice of many virtues ; and her lot is a hard and laborious one.

Sometimes she must watch all night long with

a patient in a raging fever, whose fits of delirium are frightful, and who frequently attempts to rise from his bed and escape from the room which his crazy fancy deems a prison. Then the poor Hospital Nurse has hard work and no sleep. She must watch the patient every moment, and quiet or restrain him when he becomes furious. Glad enough must she be when the rising sun gives the signal for her to be relieved by another of her class, so that she may take a few hours' repose.

Again she sees brought into the hospital a wounded man, who has fallen from the roof of a house, broken a limb, and received severe internal bruises. It is her task to bring the linen and the lint, to stanch the flowing blood, and when the surgeons have completed the dressing of the wounds, she must take her station by the bed of the sufferer, to tend him, give him his drink and his medicine, and see that his wants are all satisfied.



THE RAG-PICKER.

THE RAG-PICKER.

THIS is a very humble calling; and until within a few years, entirely unknown in our country. In Paris the Rag-picker is called a *Chiffonier*. His business is to go about the streets and alleys searching for rags, nails, bits of iron and other metals, broken glass, and china, and whatever other articles are thrown into the streets as useless. You see him with his hooked stick exploring heaps of rubbish, and carefully selecting whatever he finds which may be turned to good account, and storing all away in his basket. When he has obtained as much as he can carry, he finds his way home to his humble dwelling in the suburbs. Here he sorts and divides his stock, placing each class of articles by itself, so as to dispose of those things in quanti-

ties for a small sum of money, of which a single specimen, such as he found in the street, would be entirely worthless.

Thus it is the labour of collecting together those things which singly are of no value, which makes the business of this man's life, and gives him his support. Sometimes he is lucky enough to find a silver spoon or fork thrown out by some careless servant among pea-pods or potato peelings; and it is to be feared that the poor Rag-picker, in such a case, is not very earnest in his inquiries after the owner.

The Chiffoniers in Paris are in some instances so successful and economical as to amass fortunes; but we have never heard of any example of this kind in our own country.



THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

(86)

THE MAN WITH THE GRINDING ORGAN.

HE comes from Savoy, or Switzerland, or perhaps from the sunny shores of Italy. His organ and his monkey form his stock in trade, his capital. He walks about the streets with his heavy load ; and he has learned by long experience, where his best chance lies of receiving pay for the lively tunes, which he industriously grinds out from the rolling barrels of his instrument. He likes a quiet retired street or court where the houses look respectable, and the bright, sunny faces of little children appear at the windows, and crow and clap their hands with delight at his approach.

“ Oh Mamma ! Mamma ! here comes the man with the grinding organ and the monkey. Do

please to let us open the front window and give us some pennies to throw to him. Here he is right before our house; and he has begun to play '*Cherry ripe!*'"

Master Organman hears all this and knows what it means, although he affects great gravity and indifference. He plays a number of tunes, causes Master Monkey to exhibit a great many antics, and finally sends him with his wooden plate to stand under the window, and catch the pennies from the hands of the delighted children.

Give freely, bright-eyed, happy little ones ! Give freely ! That money is destined not only to support the poor Organ Grinder in a very humble way, but to gladden the hearts of his aged parents and his little brothers and sisters in the far off land from which he has come, and to which, after a year or two of hard labour, he means to return. The poor Organ Grinder is worthy of his hire.

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THE POLICEMAN.

(90)

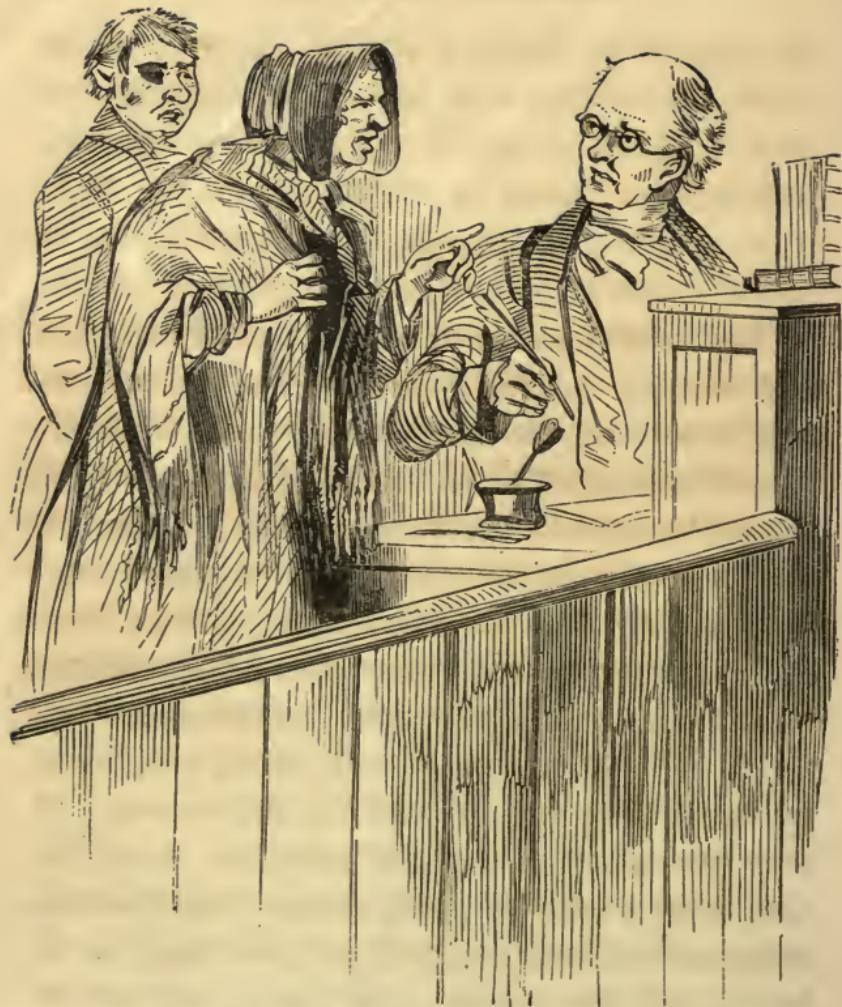
THE POLICEMAN.

THIS officer has a most important business to perform. You know that in large cities there are some bad people who disturb the community in a great many ways, and if they were not caught and put in prison, would overturn everything in society. Some of these break, at night, into houses, and carry away all they can find ; others have a way of cutting people's pockets so that they can take money out of them. You will see them sometimes among crowds looking very innocent, but all the time waiting to see what they can lay their hands on. Some are even so wicked as to murder people in their sleep, and knock down travellers who may be walking or riding at night.

It would never do to let such bad men go on.

So the city people have a number of strong men appointed to watch for these offenders, and to take them to prison. They are called Policemen. It is their duty to go about town, and see that no disturbance is made in the streets, and to take up every thief, murderer, or notorious person they can find. Sometimes they catch boys, especially if the boys are fighting. The business of a Policeman is a very hard one, and sometimes he gets much hurt, by bad men who fight with him if he offers to take them. Some Policemen have been shot dead, and the thief, whom they were trying to get, escaped. But generally they are bold strong men, armed with maces, and they can knock down a man very easily. The mace is a thick heavy piece of wood, with which one man can almost kill another if he strikes him on the head. It is also the duty of the Policeman to attend at the mayor's office and the courts of justice, in order to preserve order among the prisoners and the spectators. Take care, boys, that none of you get into the Policeman's hands.





THE ALDERMAN.

(94)

ALDERMAN.

THE Alderman is a fine, fat, old gentleman, well known and much respected in the community where he lives, and looked up to, as the natural safeguard of all. His duty is to have all rogues brought before him, to listen to what excuse they have to offer for themselves, and then to send them to the station house, or county prison. He knows a great deal about law, and gives much good advice to bad persons before he sends them away. These bad people are taken, you know, by the Policemen, or by the Watchmen. If they have never been taken up before, the Alderman is very kind to them, shows them the consequences of bad conduct, exhorts them to do better, and then lets them go ; but on old offenders, who have often been in mischief before, he

has no mercy. Besides hearing the excuses of these people, he attends to a number of other things, about land, property, marriages, &c. You see, therefore, how useful he is, and that we cannot do without him.

Aldermen are elected to their places by the people ; that is, persons go on election days, and vote for the men who they think will make the best Aldermen. Each Alderman has an office, with his name painted on a sign, and hung to the window-shutter, so that every one in the district may know where he lives. You may see him as you pass the house, sitting in his arm-chair, and listening to what the people in the office have to say, either for or against the prisoners.



THE WOOD-SAWYER.

(98)

THE WOOD-SAWYER.

THIS is a hard occupation, followed generally by coloured people. They are old men, and have little ones to support, so that they have to work very hard. We should pity the poor old Wood-Sawyer. He is very useful to us. Only think of putting large logs of wood into the stove before they are sawn : we should never be able to burn them, and they would fill the house with smoke. So they have to be sawn into three or four pieces. The curious four-legged machine which the Wood-Sawyer uses to put them on, is called a Horse. It is very strong, and made of oak or hickory wood. He holds the logs down with one knee, and saws one piece off at a time. A good Sawyer can saw a great deal of wood in a day, and the end of each stick looks very smooth. If you place your hand on one of these ends just after it has been sawn, you will find

that it feels very hot—so hot that you can scarcely bear your hand on it. The saw is hot too. This is very curious, and you will learn the reason of it when you get older ; but it would be well for you to remember now, that two pieces of any material, whether wood, iron, or stone, can be made hot by rubbing them hard together. Some savage people light their fires by rubbing two sticks in this way until they smoke and catch fire. For the same reason you can make a piece of iron red-hot by beating it quickly with a hammer. But you will say the poor Wood-Sawyer does not know anything of the philosophy of this. No, he does not, but you should, because you have not to work so hard as he has, and besides have books and teachers to instruct you. You ought therefore to be very thankful, and to learn everything that you can, even though it be only about the work of a Wood-Sawyer.

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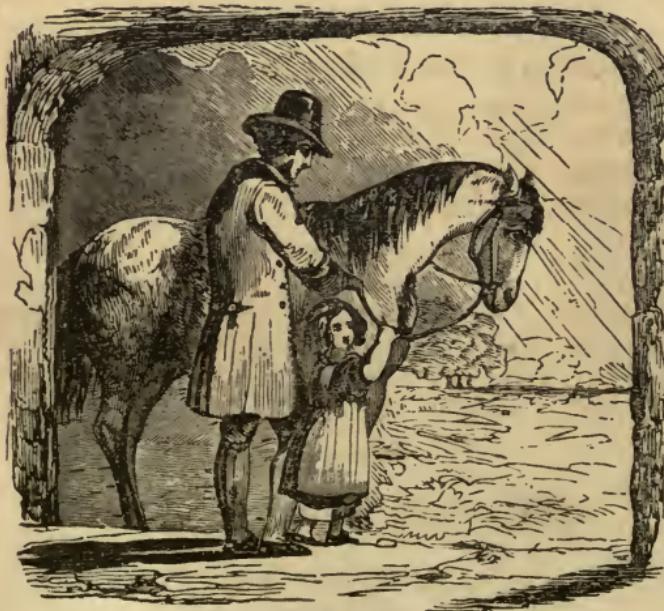
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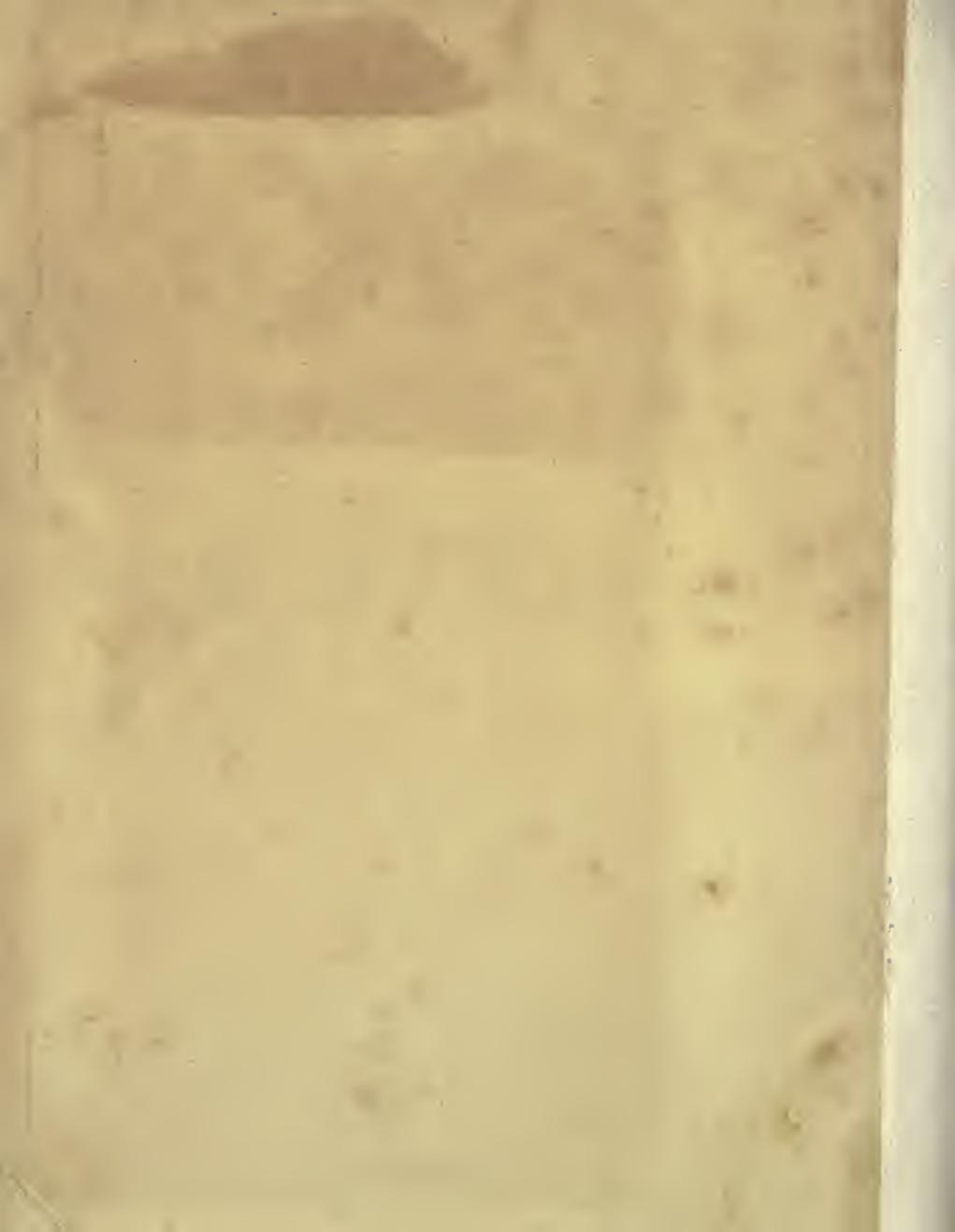
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